ULTIMATE

ELEKTRA®

ISSUE 3

DEVIL'S DUE: PART 3

MARVEL PSR

CAREY
LARROCA
MIKI

MARVEL®

SQUADRON LIQUID!

PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 3 of 5

Elektra Natchios is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebuilding the family's destroyed laundromat, the cousins take control of the business and implement their plan to launder the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime.

But when Paul and Leander's accountant, Kenneth Cullen, threatens to turn state's evidence and give the authorities the ledger that records their crimes, the cousins send a pair of armed mercenaries to the offices of his lawyer, Walter Savage. Their mission: kill Cullen and retrieve the ledger.

Little do they know that Savage's intern is none other than Elektra's blind ex-boyfriend Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" the gunmen arriving...but they blast through the wall behind Matt before he can act.

Meanwhile, Elektra finds herself literally caught between her cousins and the Kingpin, as Fisk demands the cousins deliver the ledger. After the meeting, Elektra uses her martial arts cunning to follow Fisk, learning that he plans to take matters into his own hands.

Back at Savage's office, Matt recovers in time to stop the would-be assassins and discovers that the Natchios family is somehow tied to the Cullen attack.

But before Matt can act, Elektra volunteers to recover the ledger for her cousins, in exchange for her father's financial freedom. Posing as a call girl, she makes her way into Cullen's police safehouse--just in time to see him gunned down by a mysterious hitman with a bull's-eye tattoo on his forehead...

Writer Mike Carey

Pencils Salvador Larroca

Inks Crimelab Studios

Colors Liquid's Aron Lusen

Letters Chris Eliopoulos

Assistant Editors MacKenzie Cadenhead & John Barber

Editor Ralph Macchio

Editor in Chief Joe Quesada

Publisher Dan Buckley

Ultimate Elektra No. 3, December, 2004. Published Miniseries by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016.

© 2004 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and $3.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in Canada.** ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, President of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534.

Well, *this* is rich.
This is *rare.*

They send me over here to bump this four-eyed, pigeon-chested accountant feller.

And I'm not anticipating any great pleasure in this. But what do I find?

I mean, ***apart*** from said accountant--

--and his little black ***book,*** which he's left out all ***kindly*** for me.

I find he's got a ***play*** date.

I've walked into the middle of some kind of tea party.

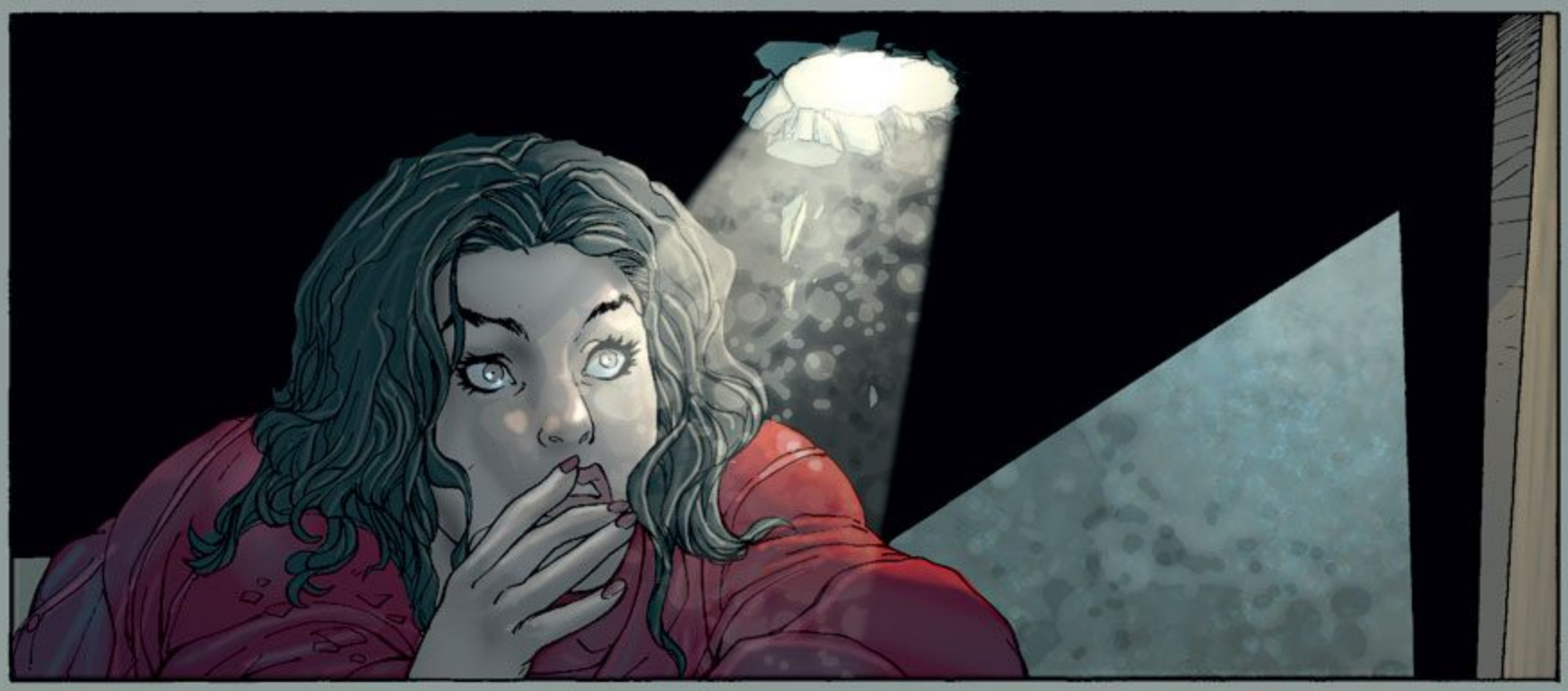
Bully for ***me,*** eh?

Only the thing ***is***--

--I don't ***drink*** tea.

FUP

TISCH



I'm not sociable enough for parties--
TISCH
FUP

And the only pleasure I take from slags is--
You freeze right there, mister.

You're under arrest.
You move a muscle and I'll drop you where you stand.
POLICE
NY
BRONX
BAGEL

A-D

FSWIFFSWIFFSWIFF CLICK

--work as an **accountant** for a company named "Security Solutions"?

That's right. I **do.**

And what does that work **entail,** Mister Cullen?

Well, I receive and tally up **money** from various drug and prostitution rackets.

Then I **launder** it through legitimate front outfits into my bosses' domestic and foreign **accounts.**

I also deal with the **payroll**-- including bribes and **rent** money.

Rent money?

Sure. This is all **mob** turf. We're paying for the **privilege,** same as every other schmendrick out there.

And all the details are in this **ledger?**

You got it. Names. Dates. Amounts. **Account** numbers.

There's enough in there to make some people **bleed** out of their ears, you hear what I'm **saying?**

And for the record, who **owns** Security Solutions?

What, you mean on **paper?** Or who actually **runs** it?

The second. Who's really in **charge?**

Well, the rent money I was talking about, that goes to Wilson **Fisk.** But underneath him, two **brothers.** Leander and Paul.

Leander and Paul **Natchios.**

Put down the *gun.*

This is your *last* warning.

Well, you've got the drop on *me,* man. Good and proper.

I'm putting my gun *down,* okay?

Oh, *here* you go.

I'm resting it up against what's left of this feller's *head.*

That's good. Now you just--

...

Eyes on the *prize,* friend.

Didn't they *teach* you that at cop school?

UKK!

BLAM BLAM

Now you and *me*, sugar lump, we're gonna have us a little--

...

KRUMP

HAH!

Hah! That's *lovely.* But if I slip you a little *extra,* now--

--d'you think you could *moan* for me?

WHUD

UHHH!

Yeah.

Like *that.*

WHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOO

WHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOOWHOO

Hear that? Party's *over,* love.

Get *running.*

Dear *diary.*

I made a new *friend* today.

Il ne revient pas! J'ai peur, je frissonne. Je languis, hélas! En vain l'heure sonne...

Il ne revient pas! Où donc peut-il être? Seule à ma fenêtre, je plonge là-bas mon regard, hélas!

POP

PRRRT PRRRT
PRRRT PRRRT

Où donc peut-il être? Il ne revient pas! Je n'ose me plaindre, il faut me contraindre!

Savage.

What?

Yes, that's right. I'm Mister Cullen's ***legal*** representative.

Je pleure tout bas; s'il pouvait connaître ma douleur! Hélas! Où donc peut-il être?

Shot? My ***God!*** Well, how bad--? I see. Yes, ***thank*** you, officer.

Could you please inform the ***D.A.'s*** office, also?

Il ne revient pas! Oh! le voir, entendre le bruit de ses pas. Mon coeur est si las, si las de l'attendre!

CLICK

Il ne revient pas! Mon seigneur, mon maître! S'il allait paraître, quelle joie!

S'il allait paraître, quelle joie, quelle joie.

29

Elektra--
Aaaa!

P-Poppa!
What's the *matter* with you, girl?
Where have you *been,* in such clothes? And what--?

What is--
--*this?*

Poppa, I--I'm not *hurt*. Really. I was trying to *help*, but--

Dimitris? Is everything all *right*?

What have you *done*? Did you go to *Leander*? Answer me!

Ow! Yes, I *did*. But I only went to ask him to write off your *debt*.

I--I *swear* I didn't mean to--

Oh God, Poppa, I saw a man get *shot!*

I s-saw him *die*, and there was--

His bl-*blood* got on me!

There, Elektra. There. It will--it will be *fine*.

You'll tell me *everything*, and we'll call the--

WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP

Who *is* it?

It's the *police*, ma'am.

Please open the *door*.

Go to your **room,** Elektra.

What? Poppa, what are you--?

Irene, **take** her. Don't let her come **out.**

If you love me, show me some **obedience** now.

But you don't under--

Not a **word.** Do as you're told.

What is the **trouble,** officer?

We're looking for a **suspect,** sir.

He was apparently **seen** entering this--oh, **hey** now.

That looks like **blood.** Could you explain how you **came** by it, Mister--?

Natchios. Dimitris Natchios.

Natchios. **Hell** you say.

Cuff him and **book** him, Greg. I just want to enjoy the **moment.**

Oh boy.

This is getting *complicated.*

July 29th.

Complications? Well, he had ***company,*** but it was nothing I couldn't ***handle.***

You listening? I hope you're ***listening.***

There's nothing like a roaring fire, is there?

That's the sound of all your troubles going up in smoke.

What? Well, it was a girl. A ***prostitute,*** to look at her. And you know I've no ***time*** for the breed.

But maybe looks were ***deceiving.*** I took quite a ***shine*** to her in the end.

No, as it happens, I ***didn't.*** I was going to, but then I had a ***better*** idea.

I mean, you want me to stick ***around,*** isn't that right? In case you need this ***other*** gent popped.

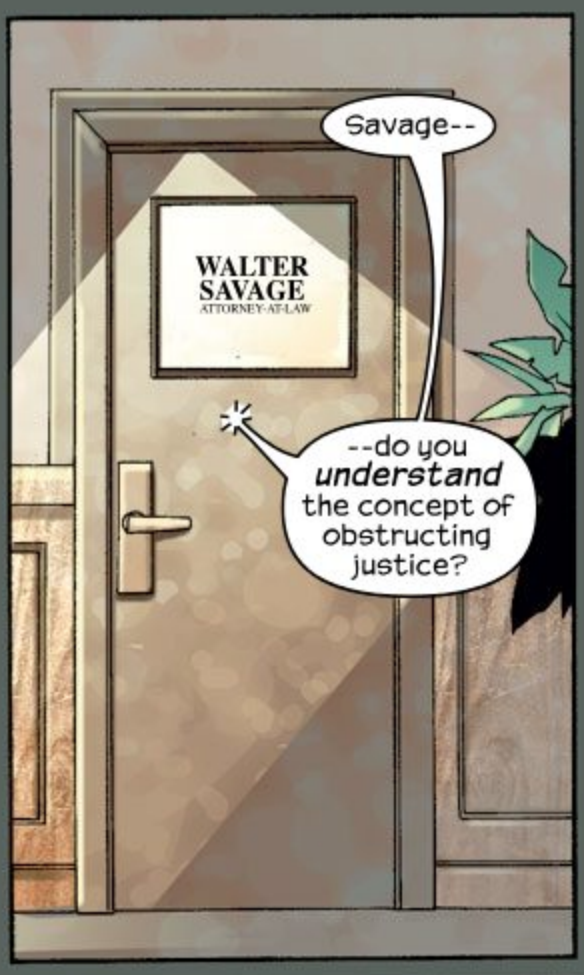
Right. So I followed her ***home,*** then I called 911 like the good citizen I ***am.***

Told them just ***enough*** to make sure they'd bring her in.

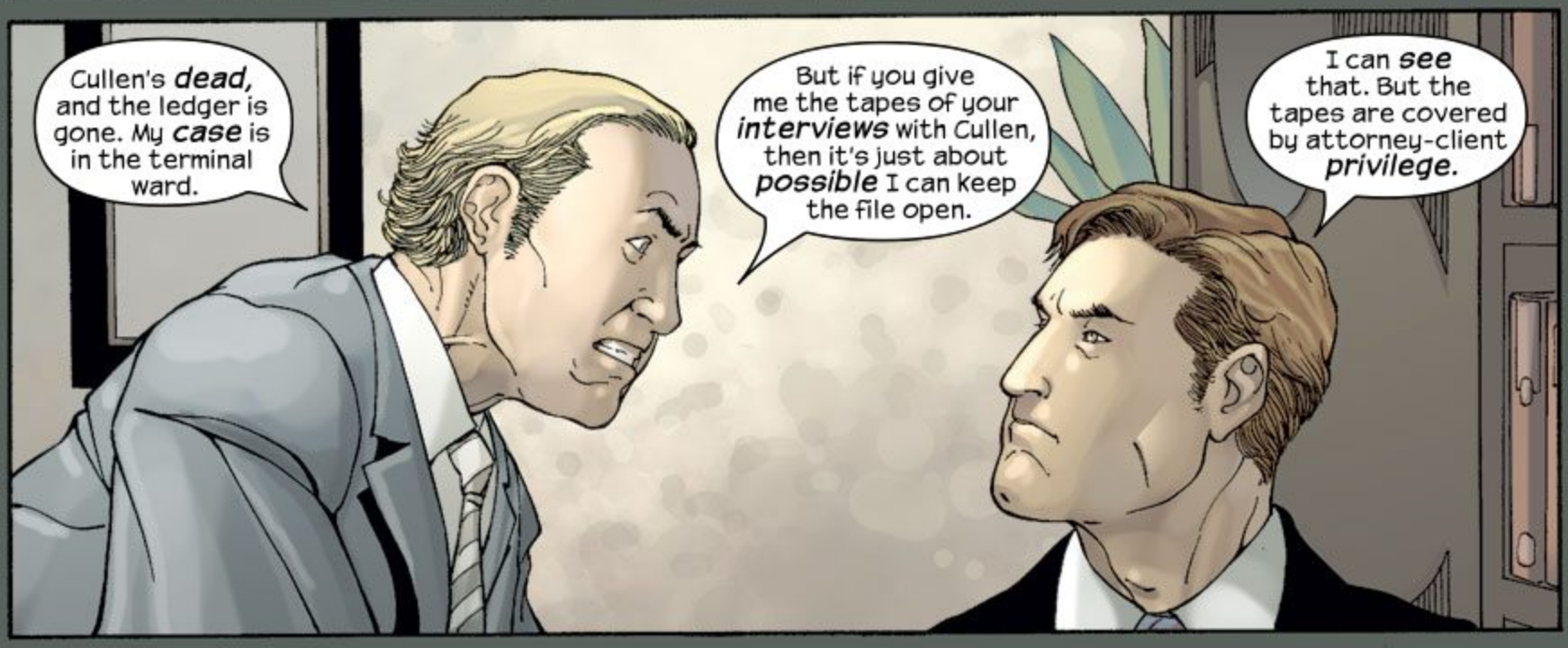
Now she's in an ***interview*** cell somewhere, trying to explain how come she's got Cullen's ***innards*** all over her.

And I'm at your ***disposal,*** Mister Fisk.

Whenever you're ***ready.***


WALTER
SAVAGE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Savage--
--do you understand the concept of obstructing justice?

I'm choosing to see that as a rhetorical question, Mister Goines.
Because if I saw it as a threat, we'd have to finish this conversation in front of a judge.
Oh, let's just cut the #*!$, shall we? Please?


Cullen's dead, and the ledger is gone. My case is in the terminal ward.
But if you give me the tapes of your interviews with Cullen, then it's just about possible I can keep the file open.
I can see that. But the tapes are covered by attorney-client privilege.

What privilege?
Your client's got more holes in him than your golf course.

Yes. And this was on your watch, so to speak. Offhand, I'd say you've got a big housecleaning problem, Goines.
Bigger even than your jurisdictional one.

Laugh your lunch up, Savage. I'm coming back with a warrant.
Jessie, I'm going out. I'll be back in time for that two o'clock meeting.
Anything else, just stall.

CITY OF NEW YORK

Mister Natchios, you're being accused of ***murder,*** not jaywalking.

Multiple aggravated homicide, ***five*** counts.

Now one of those men was a ***scumbag*** who was dishing the dirt on your cousin ***Leander.*** Dust to dust, right?

But the other four were ***cops.*** If you're convicted, you'll never see ***daylight*** again.

So why don't you ***tell*** us where you put Cullen's ledger. Or the ***murder*** weapon, even.

Throw me a ***bone,*** so I don't start getting ***sour*** and irritable.

I have ***nothing*** to say. There is nothing that I ***can*** say.

Okay, I'm turning off the ***tape*** at 13:04.

CLICK

Bathroom break.

Watch him, Pascal. He looks like he's about to resist ***arrest.***

Yeah, he ***does,*** doesn't he?

--of a quiet New Jersey suburb was **shattered** last night when a savage **gunfight** left one resident and four police officers dead.

FIREWIRE NEWS

FN

SONY

It's not clear whether Kenneth Cullen was a **mob** target, or a collateral **casualty** in a clash between police and gangland killers. But Commissioner Leo Bassinger has just announced that a man is already in **custody,** caught when an anonymous--

So this is **good** news, right, Leander? I mean, we **wanted** him dead and he's dead.

Sure. It's like Christmas came **early.**

CLICK

There remains the question of who **ordered** this. And what became of Cullen's **ledger.**

And none of the reports mention **Elektra.**

Hey, girlie.

Private *property.* Keep walking.

KEEP OUT

Well--I guess she got *out* okay, or they would've said. Does it *matter?*

Paul--brother--use what *brain* you've got. She's a direct link back to *us.*

And we don't have the slightest *idea* where she is.

KEEP OUT!

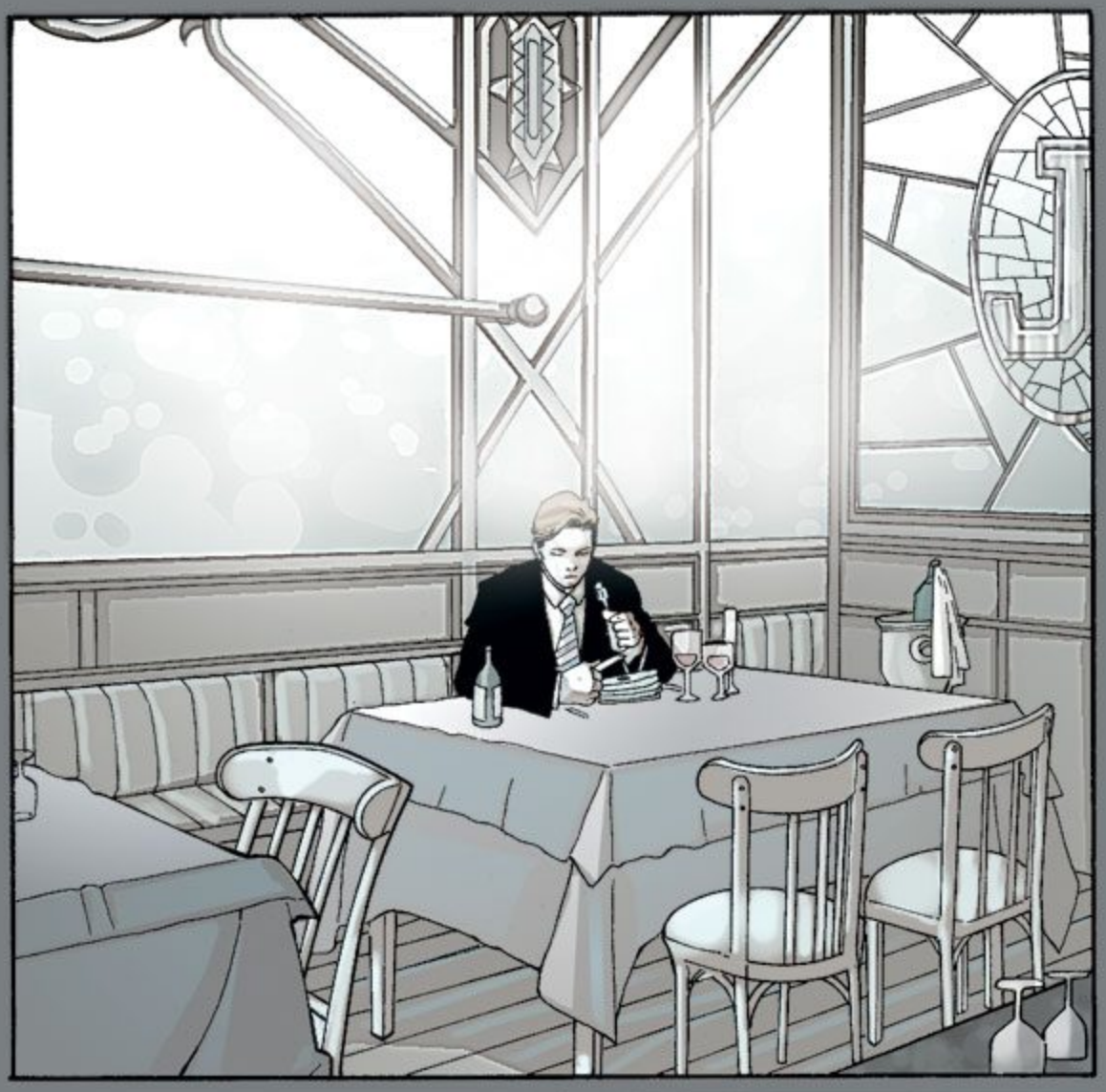
Leander!

You--

--are--

--DEAD!

HOTEL
RESTAURANT



Mister *Savage.*

There was something that you wished to *discuss* with me.
Yes, there was. There *is.*
Please. Sit *down.*

I wasn't sure you'd *come.*
But you know who I *am,* right?

You're an *attorney* at Ecker Summers Lyall. Also a paid *informant* for Leander Natchios.

You represented Kenneth Cullen--and *betrayed* him to Natchios on two separate occasions.

How did you--? Yeah. That's right. But I don't *like* "betrayed".

I provide certain *services* to the Natchios brothers. I could be useful to *you*, too.

But I have my *own* sources. Also a certain--*fastidiousness.*

Oh really? Because what I have is a photocopy of Cullen's ledger. Every page. Including the one with *your* name on it.

And I'm going to let you *buy* it from me for ten million *dollars.*

I'll be in *touch.* If you want to be fastidious, you can deal with me on an *arm's-length* basis.

But you *will* deal with me.

Call *Poindexter.*

Tell him there *will,* as I envisaged, be a *second* job.

And then find me Leander *Natchios.*

I need to have *words* with him...

"...but not very ***many*** words."

Elektra.

It's a great ***relief*** to see you safe.

But this anger--it's not ***seemly.*** Or ***acceptable.***

I ought to pitch you out of your own ***window,*** you lying dirtbag.

My dad is in ***jail*** because of you.

You sent someone ***else*** in after me. To ***kill*** Cullen.

While I was right there ***watching.***

You ***saw*** the killer?

What, am I ***blind?*** Of course I saw him.

Then he also saw ***you?***

Well ***duh!***

That-- ***changes*** things. Regrettably.

But some ***good*** may come of it, after all.

The assassin was certainly sent by *Fisk*--the Kingpin.

He is not *pleased* with me. But I hope he will *appreciate* the tying up of loose ends.

You're *scum*, Leander.

I'm *pragmatic*, cousin. I have to be.

But I will light a *candle* for you.

RRRRRM

Elektra, I--I--

KRAK

WHUD

I've got a *proposition.*

I think you might *like* it.

I'm *listening.*

To be continued...